DON'T IDLY DREAM, BUT DO!

Don't idly dream! There is no time for dreaming,
No time to drone and loiter on the way.
With opportunity each day is teeming.
That, till you deign to waken, will not stay.
Be, then, alert, for all around you calling
Are voices, to press onward, heard by few;
Heed them and venture, with no fear of falling—
Don't idly dream, but do!

Don't idly dream! Great deeds await your doing,
Deeds that will live, and you in them may live.
Noble your thoughts, each day your strength renewing,
Be you but true, that strength your faith shall give.
Life striving round you bids you, then, awaken;
Look, where the future grandly stands in view,
In God press onward! Be your trust ne'er shaken!
Don't idly dream, but do!

—George Birdseye, in Boston Globe.

HER REMEDY

By HELEN GRAVES.

GERTRUDE SMITH knew perfectly well when she married Adolphus Jones that he was a male flirt; but she was very much in love, and trusted in common with many another deluded female, that matrimony would work a complete reform in her lover's whole nature.

So she married Adolphus, and went to the Continent for a wedding trip.

The first week was all happiness; the second, things began to grow a trifle monotonous; the third, Gerty came home to the pretty little house at Clapham, which had been furnished for her, and cried during a whole evening during which Adolphus stayed away.

"It's cruel," said she—"perfectly cruel!"

"Pshaw!" said Adolphus, stroking his moustache. "A man can't always be dancing attendance on his wife! And if there's anything I hate, it's a swelled nose, and eyes that look as if they were painted all round with red!"

"That's not the way to manage," said Mrs. Gertrude to herself.

For this poor little bride was steering her own canoe, as best she might, through all those unknown shoals and quicksands.

So she took to worsted work, a circulating library and piano practice, meeting her husband with a smile when he came home, a little later every evening.

"Come, now, that's sensible," said Mr. Jones. "Glad you're amusing yourself so well without me!"

"And that's not the way, either," said Mrs. Jones to herself.

They had been married about six months, when Mr. Jones came home one evening in great exultation.

"Do you remember my telling you about Belle Poynsett, that I was so desperately in love with down at Brighton?" said he. "She's in town, visiting the Whytes; and she's prettier and more dashing than ever. I wish you'd call upon her, and we'll invite her here to dinner."

"Yes," said Gerty, faintly.

Of all Adolphus' old sweethearts this Belle Poynsett was the one Gerty dreaded most; and now the danger had descended upon her like an unforeseen doom.

Miss Poynsett came to dinner a few days later, a superb brunette, with eyes like black velvet, and sweet laughter in her voice and manner.

Gerty received the visitor with the most becoming cordiality.

"I've heard Adolphus talk of you so often," said she; "I quite long to know you."

"You've very kind," said Miss Poynsett, a little puzzled.

Her general experience with the wives of old sweethearts was not of this nature.

"But now we shall be great friends, I know," said Gerty, taking both Miss Poynsett's hands into hers. "You'll come and spend the day with me tomorrow, won't you?"

"I shall be delighted," said Miss Poynsett.

"By Jove!" thought the delighted husband, "Gerty is coming out a regular brick!"

The next day Mrs. Jones had a new proposition to advance.

"What is the use of your staying at that hotel," said she, "when we've got such lots and lots of room here? How charmed I shall be to have you as my guest! Dear Miss Poynsett—Isabella—do consent?"

And Isabella, who knew the difference between gratis living and a hotel bill, did consent.

But after a week or two of this sort of thing, Adolphus Jones began to grow restive. Belle Poynsett was all very well, once in a while; but Belle Poynsett, morning and evening, was a different thing. Her great eyes palled upon him—her musical laugh grew monotonous—her pretty ways lost their charm.

"Hang it all, Gerty," said he, one evening, "I never get a chance to speak to you nowadays!"

"To speak to me, dear?"

"No. That woman's always in the way."

"Adolphus! You don't mean dear Isabella?"

"Yes, I do mean dear Isabella!" the last two words ground out rather venomously from between his teeth. "I'm sick of dear Isabella. Can't you get rid of her?"

Gerty's plotting, scheming little heart gave a bound within her.

"Well," said she, "if you really prefer being alone. But I thought it would be so stupid, just you and me together."

"It would be a great deal jollier than to have Belle Poynsett's big eyes staring one out of countenance the whole time," said Mr. Jones.

Miss Poynsett went back to Brighton at the end of the week, declaring that there was nothing like the insipidity of a newly-married couple—though, to be sure, Dolly Jones' wife was more sensible than the average of them. And Adolphus took to staying at home of evenings.

Once or twice subsequently the epidemic of flirtation overtook Adolphus Jones again, but Gertrude's remedies were prompt and sure.

A blue-eyed cousin from the country, who wrote letters to a rural paper, and composed poetry, rather attracted him.

Gerty at once invited Miss Cynthia Carstairs to visit her, quoted Miss Cynthia Carstairs on all occasions, read aloud Miss Cynthia's poetry, and, so to speak, hurled Miss Cynthia perpetually at her husband's head, until the fancy died a natural death.

And a pretty little coquette, who was staying at the next-door neighbor's, and "made eyes" at Adolphus when he was smoking his after-dinner cigar, was surprised by having her acquaintance promptly cultivated by Mrs. Adolphus, until the gentleman was fain to stay at the office to avoid an overdose of Miss Pauline Pelham.

"After all," said the husband, "there isn't one of the lot to be compared to Gerty!"

And so his tendency to flirtation died out by degrees, without his being aware of it, and Gertrude had conquered.—New York News.

The Panama Canal and Health.

There is a widespread belief that the climate of Panama is so fatal that the construction of the canal can only be accomplished at an enormous sacrifice of human life. Both malaria and yellow fever may be said to be to-day practically under control, and these are the two diseases which are most to be dreaded when the great construction camps are assembled and work is in full swing throughout the length of the canal. According to General Abbott, the records of the hospital of the old Panama Canal Company shows that the total death rate among the laborers was far less than is commonly supposed, being in fact from forty-four to sixty-seven per 1000.

It seems, moreover, that the rainfall has been the subject of as gross exaggeration as the diseases. It varies from about 130 inches on the Atlantic to sixty-five inches on the Pacific, a record that can be duplicated in the United States, where the average rainfall on the Atlantic coast is about fifty inches and the fall on portions of the Pacific coast compares in total precipitation with that of the Atlantic terminus of the canal. Furthermore, it will be news to many residents of our northerly latitude to learn that the temperature ranges at Panama from seventy degrees to eighty-five degrees Fahrenheit, and that it is very rarely that the thermometer reaches the high temperature which is experienced when a hot wave passes over the United States.—Scientific American.

Your Own Business.

Did it ever occur to you that housekeeping is a business, and home-making more than a business? Yet how few women fit themselves for this most important work that a woman can take up! Any one can keep house, provided they learn how; but not every one can be a real home-maker. How quickly one can tell the difference on entering a house!

Recall some homes you know of. The house maybe is a large one, and is in as good order as faithful servants can make it; but the real spirit of home, that intangible essence that radiates from some women, is not there. In spite of elegant furniture and spacious rooms the house seems barren and cold. Would you not rather be a woman whose soul is so sweet and fragrant that it shines all through your house, making it a veritable haven of rest for those who claim it as theirs, than to be the brainiest and most noted of outside women?

Not that some of the prominent women do not have that quality; they do. Some of the most delightful homes are presided over by noted and prominent women. These homes have mistresses who were brought up in good old-fashioned homes, where they were taught all the good old-time housekeeping ways, and above all to preserve their womanly virtues and sweetness.—New York News.

Presence of Mind.

On one occasion a great public dinner was given to Isaac Hull by the town of Boston, and he was asked to sit for his picture to Gilbert Stuart, the celebrated artist, who was a great braggart. When Hull visited his studio Stuart took great delight in entertaining him with anecdotes of his English success, stories of the marquis of this and the baroness of that, which showed how elegant was the society to which he had been accustomed. Unfortunately, in midst of this grandeur, Mrs. Stuart, who did not know that there was a sitter, came in with apron on and her head tied up in some handkerchiefs, from the kitchen, and cried out, "Do you mean to have that leg of mutton boiled or roasted?" To which Stuart replied, with great presence of mind, "Ask your mistress."—Chicago Chronicle.

His Title.

"Yes," he said, endeavoring to impress her, "I own a thousand shares of stock in one of the best railroads in the country; I am interested to a considerable extent in mining and lumber, and I have a clear title to——"

"What did you say," she exclaimed, "that you have a title?"

"Yes; I——"

"Oh, Alfred, you must have known all along that I tried to seem cold just to keep from betraying my love—my deep, deep love—too soon. Don't tell me anything more about your money. You may name the day. I can be ready in a week if you say so. Let's talk some more about your title."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Open Confession.

"How did you come to make the acquaintance that led up to marriage with your wife?"

"It was highly romantic."

"Yes?"

"Yes; she had inadvertently remained on a rock at the sea shore until the rising tide cut her off from shore."

"A dangerous situation."

"Indeed, yes; I saw her from afar off and approached in my boat unseen; she was crying with her face in her hands, and as I approached the rock I heard her sob: 'Am I to get no sucor?'"

"And you were her sucker?"

"I was."—Houston Post.

Oiled Road in Kentucky.

THE oiled road which a progressive county administration, taking advantage of a generous offer from the constructors, has introduced to the blue grass is an importation from the west. The method had its inception and the process has been perfected in California, other States looking on with keen interest and in experiments on small scale, profiting.

While application of the western idea to macadamized roads is not new, this is the pioneer trial in the limestone region and on roads such as Fayette boasts. What, therefore, has the appearance of a thorough success means much to Kentucky and the country.

After considerable expenses and preparation, machinery costing $800 having to be bought, the Home Construction Company undertook the experiment October 15. Ragland oil, obtained from the Licking Valley Oil & Gas Company, which appears to have the union of properties necessary to the perfect road oil, was used. A mile and a half on the reconstruction part of the Newtown pike was treated, beginning one mile from the limits. A White's oiler, similar in many respects to a street sprinkler, spread the crude oil, over which sand was spread to a depth of half an inch.

Last week one of the big rollers of the company was passed over it. In the time intervening between laying and rolling, the lighter oils had evaporated and the sand and penetrated limestone had set to an asphalt coat, the effect of the roller being still further to compress and smooth the surface. Despite several disadvantages of which inability to heat the oil and the cool season were chief, the results are probably all that could be hoped for. Waterproof, dustless and elastic, the road has also been made more durable. This last feature of the process, the discovery of which was incidental to the original use of oil as a dust-layer, has brought it to the attention of the entire country. In the west the first treatment of oil is charged to the construction account, and after that the cost is much less than keeping a road sprinkled. After the third year it is unnecessary to use the oil except for patching, and it is calculated that a well-oiled road will remain dustless and waterproof for ten years or longer. The saving in repairing alone will be large, the added comfort being incidental.

About 4000 gallons of oil and a thousand bushels of sand were required on the mile which furnishes the test. The oil cost 62 cents per barrel. The road had been reconstructed two years ago, and is a type of the fifty-two miles around Lexington which the Home Construction Company is remarking. If the county finds it advisable to oil all of the reconstructed pike the goal of perfection will have been closely approached.

On the basis of a mile the cost of oiling the Newtown pike, exclusive of machinery, was $244.

In future work the oil will be heated. This will give it greater penetrative power. Warmer weather will be chosen. To remove any inconvenience to travel only one side of the pike will be oiled at a time, and the sand will be spread immediately. About four days later this side will be in fit condition for travel, and the other may be oiled. Additional machinery also may facilitate the work.—Lexington (Ky.) Herald.

The Six Great Points.

The great points to be noted, in order to secure promptly a highway system which will answer the requirements for comfortable and economical intercounty and interstate vehicular traffic are:

First. The greatest possible mileage of earth roads shall be treated so as to render them available for the greatest period of time during each year.

Second. When old roads are to be improved by macadamizing extreme care should be taken in the preparation of the preliminary estimate lest confiding investors waste their money, or would-be investors be frightened away.

Third. The preliminary estimate and design for an improved road system should contemplate the expenditure of no dollar that is not absolutely necessary to the placing on the particular mile of highway where it is expended a substantial road improvement, adapted to subsoil conditions which prevail on that mile of road.

Fourth. Good road advocates should persistently agitate the question of National aid for highway construction.

Fifth. The legislative bodies of the various States not as yet co-operating should be persistently appealed to until all have agreed to loan the credit of those States, in order to wipe out the discredit of their present highways.

Sixth. The boards of supervisors in counties should be urged to supplement the work of their States by the sale of long term bonds, from the proceeds of which would come the road funds.

Do this, and the army of good roads people, once so small, will swell so as to number in its rank all public spirited Americans, and the day will not be far distant when the people of this land will be as likely to leave their important roads without smooth watertight roofs as they will be to live in houses which are equally unprotected.—Good Roads Magazine.

Bridget and the Stove.

Mr. Peck was dumfounded at the enormous bill which was sent in a month after the gas company had put one of its stoves in the kitchen, says the Christian Register. The company acknowledged that it was an enormous bill, but declared that the meter had registered the amount of gas with which he had been charged. The fault must lie with the cook. So Mr. Peck went down to the kitchen to sound her. "How do you like the gas stove, Bridget, was his first remark.

"Sure, it's foine," was the ready answer. "I ain't had to loight the stove but onct since it come."

A HANDY BOX.

Careful housewives will appreciate the "handy box" which has just been put on the market, says the Philadelphia Record. Its interior compartments are filled with a judiciously selected assortment of twine, string, adhesive tape, gum labels, small pasteboard tags, rubber bands of various sizes, metal fasteners and suspension rings for hanging up pictures in passepartout frames. To own such a collection of useful articles means the saving of temper and patience on occasion.

ODD BEDROOM CHAIRS.

There is a revival of a quaint little English chair called the "round about." It is low, comfortable and solid. It is made in real mahogany and excellently imitated in pine. These pine shapes, when well reproduced from antiques, are stained with a perfect mahogany color, or art green to match the floor covering, or chalk white, on which are mounted two chintz cushions. There is a wide, popular return to white bedroom furniture. It is used with floral papers and plain floor coverings. The color scheme is given by the chintz cushions and covering to bed, with floral silk covers for bureau and tables. The little white desks in the corner of a bedroom are very much sought after.

TO WASH A FLANNEL WAIST.

This is not a difficult task, even for the inexperienced person, but like everything of its kind, it needs a little care to prevent the blouse shrinking. First make some soap jelly and dissolve two tablespoonfuls of it in half a gallon of warm water. Add one teaspoonful of ammonia, and put the blouse in this, letting it soak for about ten minutes; wash the blouse in the usual way, taking care to rub the parts which are most soiled; no soap must be rubbed on the blouse. Squeeze the water out and wash the blouse in fresh water prepared in the same way. Put it through the ringer, then rinse it in clear tepid water, to which ammonia has been added in the same proportion as to the lather. Again put it through the wringer; fold it evenly and pass it through again and yet again. By taking this precaution, says Woman's Life, the moisture will nearly all be pressed out of the flannel, and it will only require to hang out for a short while.

CARE OF BLANKETS.

No part of housekeeping should be more sharply looked after than that which has to do with beds and bedding. Everything about a bed should be aired thoroughly every day; and everything should be kept up to the top notch of cleanliness.

Mattresses should be dusted daily, for dust seems to go to them and cling to them as if by some curious law of attraction. They should be thoroughly gone over—taken apart and cleaned, inside and out, that is—at least once in three years; oftener, if possible. Every good housekeeper cleans bed, springs and mattresses as regularly as any other part of her house, but comparatively few realize how important it is to have their mattresses opened and cleaned periodically.

Yet dust and dirt sift through ticking and collect in an alarming way. Men who manipulate those cleaning machines ("pickers") say that dust from a single mattress filling comes out in thick clouds during the operation of cleaning.

Blankets should be aired as persistently as mattresses—aired and shaken vigorously every day.

The best kind of blankets to buy varies with the buyer. All wool are usually considered the best, but blankets with a cotton warp and wool "filling" stand home cleaning better than those made of all wool.

Molasses Pudding Sauce—Cook together one cup of molasses, one-half cup of water, a rounding tablespoon of butter, a pinch of salt and three tablespoons of vinegar for twenty minutes.

Cabbage Salad—Shave a solid head of cabbage very fine and set the bowl on ice or in a very cold place. Make a dressing of one-quarter cup of butter, a rounding tablespoon of sugar, three whole eggs, a tablespoon of made mustard, a level teaspoon of salt, three-quarters cup of vinegar and cook until it thickens.

Little Cocoanut Cakes—Soak the cup of shredded cocoanut in one cup of milk. Cream one-half cup of butter with one cup of sugar, add two well beaten eggs, the milk and cocoanut, and last two cups of flour sifted with four level teaspoons of baking powder. Bake in round iron gem pans that have been liberally buttered. Cover with a white icing.

Nut Drop Cakes—Cream two-thirds cup of butter, add one cup of brown sugar, two well beaten eggs, two cups of flour sifted with a scant level teaspoon of cinnamon and two level teaspoons of baking powder. Add one-third cup of raisins chopped, one-third cup of currants and two-thirds cup of walnut meats chopped. Make small balls, no larger than a teaspoon, of dough and lay some distance apart on a buttered pan.

Not Humility of Spirit.

A young preacher in an uptown church was much struck one Sunday by the seeming effect his sermon was having upon one of his congregation, a shabby-genteel man with white hair, who throughout the entire discourse, sat with head bowed in deep reverent attitude. After the sermon the minister pushed his way to the man and proudly said:

"I'm glad to note that my sermon affected you. Did it make you see the error of your ways?"

"Oh, it wasn't that," said the man, sheepishly. "You see, my waistcoat is too short and I had to bend over to hide my shirt."—Cleveland Leader.

FARM TOPICS.

RAISING SQUABS.

Most of our readers remember the Belgian hare craze and the wonderful stories told of the fortunes to be made in raising the rabbit, remarks the Indianapolis News. Then came the slump, and, as usual, the rural resident paid the high price for the whistle. Now we seem destined to have a similar craze in the squab-raising line. The truth of the matter is this: There is a certain demand for squabs, and they are sold at high prices in restaurants, but that any man, woman or child can raise them so profitably as to make a business of it, is claiming too much, to put it mildly.

There are dozens of things which will upset one's calculations in squab-raising, and ten or a dozen pairs of squabs are not raised from each mating in a year any more than the hen hatches out thirteen eggs because she covers that number. That there is money in squab-raising, is admitted, but the profit will be made by those who go at the work carefully, gaining experience as they go and closely managing their business. Try it if you want to, but don't expect a fortune or even a good living from the work under several years.

LIME AND SULPHUR DIP.

Some inquiry into the effectiveness and effect of the lime and sulphur dip on sheep and their wool, where the former are affected with scabies, develops the fact that the Government dip as recommended by Dr. Salmon of the Department of Agriculture is a sure cure for scabies, if properly prepared; but that it is ruinous on the wool when sheep are dipped shortly before shearing. The proprietor of one of the Minneapolis wool buying establishments, the Northwestern Fur and Hide Company, says that lime and sulphur wool brought six cents below market price and that it was harsh and inferior, while the wool of sheep subjected to other dips was not deteriorated by the process. The sheepmen of Montana make the same statement in effect, but say that lime and sulphur should be used only immediately following shearing, after any cuts made by the shears have healed up, and before the wool has grown out. If the scabies require dipping during the growth of the wool, other dips than the lime mixture should be used. With the wool short we are informed that the lime and sulphur dip is a very cheap, effective and satisfactory remedy for scab; the formula for making, however, must be nicely observed. The sheep are swum the length of a trough full of the mixture, requiring three minutes, and are thrice entirely submerged as they pass along. A second dipping is given within ten days to destroy any remaining vestiges of the parasites. No loss occurs to the sheep, unless they are dipped too soon following shearing. It is best to use other dips, as they do not hurt the wool, and are equally effective in scabies troubles.—Indiana Farmer.

WHAT MAKES GOOD BUTTER.

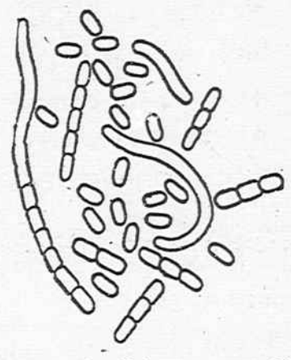
Miss Bella Millar, in an address before the Women's Institute, of Ontario, Canada, gave the following as the scale of points to be used in judging butter:

Flavor	45 points
Grain	25 points
Color	15 points
Salt	10 points
Package	5 points

In explaining the scale she said:

"You will notice that flavor gets forty-five points, being nearly half the 100 points. We want our butter to have a sweet flavor; that makes us want to eat butter and bread, instead of bread and butter.

"Perfect grain gets twenty-five



points. It should have a waxy softness, yet not salvy or greasy. It must be solid in body, and have no excess of casein or water.

"The color should be uniform and bright, not too pale, yet not too highly colored, while the salt should be evenly distributed and thoroughly dissolved. The package should be neat and clean, using a good grade of paper for wrapping. As I said before, we should cater to the trade. If we are making for a certain market, make what that market demands. If making for special customers, endeavor to suit their tastes in every particular. This is important, for while one customer likes a full flavored butter, another likes a mild one. One likes the butter pale; another highly colored; one likes very little salt; another quite a quantity. It is by catering to these likes and dislikes that our butter will be in demand, and we shall receive a good price for it."

The little cut shows the appearance of the bacteria—immensely magnified—which produce good flavor in high grade butter.

All Were Adulterated.

Of sixty-eight samples of sausages examined by the government analyst at Melbourne, Australia, not one was found unadulterated, In the so-called pork sausage not a particle of pork could be found.

Never make the laying nest too large. Have it so that the hen can sit comfortably and no larger. If you have it large enough for the hen to stand at the side of the nest it may induce her to peck at the egg and break it; then she soon becomes an egg eater.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR FEBRUARY 5.

Subject: Jesus at Jacob's Well, John iv., 5-14—Golden Text, Rev. xxii., 17—Memory Verses, 13, 14—Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

I. Jesus at the well (vs. 5-8). 5. "Then cometh He." Our Lord's route lay through historic ground. He, doubtless, passed through Gibeah, the ancient capital of the kingdom of Saul; through Bethel, where Jacob had his dream of the ladder and the angels; near Shiloh, the first dwelling place of the tabernacle, and the ark in Canaan, and the scene of the downfall of the house of Eli. At the end of that journey three objects of special interest occur in succession: Jacob's well, Joseph's tomb and the ancient city of Shechem, between the mountains of Gerizim and Ebal. "Sychar." Formerly Shechem, at the foot of Mount Gerizim, between Gerizim and Ebal. It is noted in the Scriptures as the place where Abraham first stopped on his coming from Haran to Canaan; where God appeared to him and promised to give the land to his seed, and where he first built an altar to the Lord. In the fourth century, about B. C. 332, Sanballat erected a temple on Gerizim in opposition to the Jewish temple. "Parcel of ground." Purchased of the children of Hamor (Gen. 33:19), and given to Joseph (Gen. 48:22).

6. "Jacob's well." The well Jacob dug. The word for well in the Greek means fountain. The well has been filled with rubbish until it is only about seventy-five feet deep. Formerly it was thirty feet deeper. It is about eight or nine feet in diameter and is walled with masonry. "Jesus—being wearied." He was a man, as well as God, and became weary and hungry. He journeyed on foot, sharing with His disciples the fatigues and hardships of the way. "Sixth hour." There is a difference of opinion here. According to the Jewish reckoning this would be noon, but many learned men think John used a Roman method of reckoning and that it was 6 p. m.

7. "Of Samaria." She was not from the city of Samaria, seven miles away, but from the country of Samaria; one of Samaritan race and religion. "To draw water." She probably brought her line and bucket (leathern or crockery), for Orient wells are not provided with these. Note how our Lord's choice of a hearer breaks down rabbinic prejudice all around. "Give Me to drink." Jesus used His thirst as a means of approach to the woman's heart, and turned the conversation from the living waters of Jacob's well to the living waters of salvation. Let us follow our Saviour's example by doing good in our hours of relaxation. 8. "Disciples—gone." The story throughout reads so much like the words of an eyewitness that some have thought John remained with the Saviour while the rest went to the village. "Meat." Food, not necessarily fish.

II. The Samaritan woman (v. 9). 9. "How is it," etc. In Oriental manners there were many strict regulations against women conversing with men, especially strangers. But these restrictions were less regarded at the wells and fountains than in other public places (Gen. 24:13-24; Exod. 2:16, 17). Jesus rejected all restraints of caste. His disciples were themselves surprised that He should converse with the woman, but they did not feel at liberty to object to it (v. 27). How did she know He was a Jew? By His dress and by His dialect. The word "Jew" is here used broadly to describe the race which filled both Judea and Galilee. She probably recognized Him as a Galilean also. "No dealings." A remark thrown in by the writer to give the reason for her surprise. They have no dealings of friendly intercourse. This ill will, however, did not extend beyond familiar intercourse, for in such matters as buying and selling intercourse was allowed. They were excluded by the Jews from the temple at Jerusalem. "The Samaritans." The Samaritans were the descendants of the Ethiopian and Babylonish colonists upon whom the Assyrian conqueror of the ten tribes bestowed the lands of the captive Israelites (see 2 Kings 17:24-33). Although of purely heathen origin, they united the worship of Jehovah with their own idolatries. They built a temple on Mount Gerizim.

III. Divine truth imparted (vs. 10-14). 10. "The gift of God." See John 3:16. The Messiah, and the salvation He is bringing to man. "Thou wouldst have asked." "Spiritually our positions are reversed. It is thou who art weary and footsore and parched, close to the well, yet unable to drink; it is I who can give thee the water from the well and quench thy thirst forever." "Living water." The gift of the Holy Spirit (John 7:37-39); also called "the water of life" (Rev. 21:6; 22:1, 17); "clean water" (Ezek. 36:26, 27). See also Isa. 55:1; 58:11. It is received by faith (John 6:35), abides eternally (v. 14), is offered freely (Rev. 22:1, 17). Note 1. Its source (John 7:37). 2. Its supply (Rev. 21:6). 3. Its freshness. 4. Its satisfaction (Isa. 12:3).

11. "Sir." This might be read "My Lord." It was a title of respect, and shows that the woman was reverent and serious. "Nothing to draw with." The well had, probably, no apparatus for drawing water. This woman no doubt carried her own line. "From whence," etc. The woman was quick in her comprehension, and saw there was some truth which she did not understand, to which Jesus was referring.

12. "Art Thou greater?" The question proceeds from a feeling that Jesus assumed some extraordinary character, that He claimed a spiritual power: perhaps claimed to be a prophet like Moses, who could make a fountain of water by miracle. "Our father Jacob." The Samaritans were living in the territory of Ephraim and Manasseh, sons of Joseph, and grandsons of Jacob, and although they were not the descendants of Jacob, yet no doubt some of the ancient blood ran in their veins.

13. "Shall thirst again." Jesus does not discuss the question of greatness, but turns her thought toward spiritual truth, as He did Nicodemus. 14. "Shall never thirst." He does not mean that one draught shall satisfy us, but that we shall have in the soul a well of living water. "Shall be in Him." The religion of Jesus has to do with the inner life. Christ puts new principles and affections within us. "A well of water." A fountain of water. The supply is exhaustless. Here is an unfailing fulness of love, joy, peace and spiritual strength—a full salvation. "Springing up." Whoever has this living water in the soul already has eternal life. The water of life. 1. Is given by Jesus. 2. It is pure. 3. It satisfies the soul. 4. There is a never failing supply. 5. It is free. 6. It is for all who thirst. "Into everlasting life." He that receives the living water has a fountain opened in his soul of spiritual satisfaction, which shall neither be dried up in this life nor the life to come, but shall flow on to all eternity.

What Football Did for Indian.

Does football ever help a man to a good position in after years? Walking along the side lines of the Ohio State-Carlisle game last Thursday there was a stockily built little man who bore every mark of being a redskin. He was gentlemanly in his appearance and neatly dressed. This little man was none other than Hudson, the famous quarterback of the Carlisle eleven of the latter '90's. Hudson has been heard of in every nook of the land for his strategy in running football teams and for his wonderful drop kicking ability. Scarcely an Eastern eleven but has had her goal line crossed by this method when he ran the team. Hudson has been somewhat forgotten of late. A little inquiry brought out the fact that he is a trusted employe of a large Pittsburg bank, where he is a teller. That is what Hudson, the Indian, did, and what his notoriety as a football player also helped him to do through fame secured in this manner.—Toledo Blade.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

FEBRUARY FIFTH.

The Enlarging Kingdom.—Ezek. 47. 1-12.

In this chapter a stream is represented as flowing from underneath the sacred threshold of the temple. And this stream not only turns the desert into a paradise, but sweetens even the Dead Sea. This is a beautiful symbol of the influence of religion on this world. It pictures the result of the enlarging kingdom of Christ. Read Isa. 35 in connection with this lesson. The increasing depth of the waters symbolizes the increasing power of the gospel both in its personal experience and in its world-wide blessedness. The main religious teaching is that man's blessings flow from the sanctuary of Jehovah. The "waters of life" start from the dwelling place of the "Author of life."

This beautiful figure of Ezekiel is a fit symbol of the blessings of piety and religion. We have a fitting symbol of religion, and a striking illustration of the enlarging and increasing power of the same both in individual experience and in the growth of the kingdom of God.

The water which the prophet saw was "flowing water." It is a type of the living, flowing grace which comes from the sanctuary of God. As water to the Oriental was a symbol of blessing, as it is to-day to the dweller in an irrigated district, so the gospel is as the water to the thirsty land. It brings life, growth, development, and joy. This prophecy has never been literally fulfilled; yet it is having a beautiful fulfillment. From the throne of God, and the church of God, the fertilizing stream has flowed. Imperfect as the church has been, yet from her gates has flowed the constantly increasing stream of the river of life.

Perhaps the most striking analogy of our lesson is in the effect of these waters healing, restoring life, and fertilizing the dry and desert places. This is a striking figure illustrating the power and effect of the increasing kingdom of Christ—how Christianity has swept out over the earth; how it is to-day increasing through the missionary operations of the church; how, everywhere it goes, it blesses and heals and causes "the desert to blossom as the rose." The enlarging kingdom is coming. We are rapidly though often unconsciously, making history. Never as now was the prayer, "Thy kindom come," so splendidly and blessedly answered. Lift up your eyes and see the enlarging kingdom!

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

FEBRUARY FIFTH.

"What I Owe to Christian Endeavor."—Ezek. 47:1-12; Ps. 36:8. (Christian Endeavor Day.)

Scripture Verses.—For Christian Living.—Ps. 24:3-6; Mic. 6S; Eph. 4: 23, 24; Col. 3:1-3; 1 Tim. 4:12; 1 Peter 1:15, 16. For Christian Fellowship.—John 13:34, 35; Rom. 12:10; 1 Cor. 13:1-7; Heb. 13:1; 1 Peter 1: 22; 3:8, 9.

Lesson Thoughts.

It is well for us to stop and consider the blessings God has wrought through the Christian Endeavor movement. North, east, south and west the influence for good has gone forth, healing and blessing as the waters of Ezekiel's vision.

The waters of the vision grew deeper by degrees; we, too, grow deeper spiritually in the same way—but we grow. Every penny saved increases the accumulation, though it might take a long time thus to save a fortune.

Selections.

Why do they put soldiers through the drill? Is it to make them strong and athletic? The drill does that, but that is not the main purpose of the drill. Soldiers are put through their hard exercise in order that they may be able to defend the nation in times of danger. And so it is with Christian Endeavor. Our society is not an end in itself. It is a training school for the church. We are growing strong in society work. Now let us use our strength more and more in the service of the church.

What gives a man a right to grow older? The use he has made of the years already given him. And if that is true of a man, it is also true of a society, or any institution. This Society of ours will deserve to be continued only as it fills out every twelve-month with noble deeds, buying up the future with the past.

As we climb the hill of Christian experience, we see the ever-growing horizon of the ocean of divine tenderness; and we become ashamed even to mention the pool of our love that lies far away in the vale beneath.

You owe Christ your money, your time, your abilities, your beauty, your strength, your knowledge. Give them to him, fully, gladly, and he will give them back to you increased and magnified beyond your present conception. Try it.

How He Meant to Reform.

When Dick Wintersmith was Congressman at Washington," said Phil Thompson, "it hapened that a friend of ours fell ill. His name was John Wires.

"He drank considerably, John did, and that last night of his life he had spilt whisky all over his beard.

"He wanted it dark in the room so when the nurse went out he r[illegible] ed for the candle and attempt[illegible] extinguish it.

"His long beard, full of a[illegible] caught fire instantly and burn[illegible] up.

"There was a great deal o[illegible] among us and consternation.

"'This ought to be a lesson [illegible] decided Dick, 'to stop drinki[illegible] while.'

"'So it ought,' assented Joe B[illegible] burn. 'What are you going to [illegible] about it, for instance?'

"'Me?' said Dick. 'Well, it's come to this pass with me that I have firmly resolved never to blow out another candle.'"—New York Times.

SPOONS.

Aunt Jane—Edith, did'nt I see Mr. Sweetser kissing you in the hall last night?

Edith—Yes, but it was only in remembrance of former days

"A sort of souvenir spoon, I suppose you mean."—Boston Transcript.